Youth's Victorious Hour

By ALICE BEVAN HURLBUT

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"A boy to be proud of!" boasted Mr. Geoffrey Burridge. "He graduates with the highest honors tomorrow. It has been rather harsh and cheerless for a warm-hearted, lovable fellow like Chester to know nothing of the joys of a real home, but my system has carried him through all the trials and tests incidental to a live, up-to-date young fellow, and I congratulate myself. Yes, sir—I feel a glowing consciousness of having done a great work!"

Hayden Storm, college subtutor, bowed in apparent acquiescence with the vaunting mood of his companion. The while he smiled to himself. Mr. Burridge was in a garrulous mood and Storm let him run on at will.

"I'm a determined man when I set my will at work on a thing," proceeded rich and self-satisfied Geoffrey Burridge. "You have been very close and very kind to Chester, and I can speak to you in confidence. Five years ago my wife crossed me in a business matter. It was trivial, but I acted on principle. We disagreed. We went each our own way. Almost heartlessly, I may say, she left home and family. Went to Europe, I believe. Wouldn't give in to me. Hah! Since then not a word to me, or to the boy. Since then he has been at the college here. I started him in on a system of restriction, sir, I may say of economy. I laid down strict rules. He has never dared to break them. He had better not, sir, for I am a stern disciplinarian. Result: The star graduate. My system. Hah!"

Again, covertly, almost satirically, Hayden Storm smiled. Then, the sedate, over-courteous subordinate of a great college, he bowed a dignified adieu to his companion as the latter strolled away.

"System! Discipline!" he commented. "How little he knows! Chester is,

"System! Discipline!" He Commented.

indeed, a model young man, but how it would astound that stubborn-headed old mule to know the real merits of the case!"

The loyal-hearted subtutor proceeded to the room of Chester Burridge an hour later. When Mr. Burridge had incidentally remarked that Storm had been close and kind to his son, he only touched the surface of vast underlying facts. More than that had Storm been—guide, counsellor, true, true friend.

Never was a conceited self-opinionated man more at sea than Mr. Burridge. It was true he had received good reports only of his son. But, mercifully screened from his knowledge had been the thousand and one missteps, errors and escapades that fall to the lot of any unexperienced young man.

Chester had sown "wild oats," but only in patches. Always at his side, kind, brotherly, extenuating, there had been Storm. Older than his protege, generally strict and solemn, he had won the confidence, the regard, the love of the impetuous lad.

"Tomorrow we part, Storm," spoke Chester, with genuine sadness, as they sat together. "Dear old friend, how I shall miss you! To think of how you have guided me, shielded me, made a man of me! And at what expense! Old fellow, there is a long score to settle."

"Not of money," responded Storm seriously.

"Why—"

"That has been supplied by another."

"You mean?" exclaimed the mystified Chester.

"Your mother."

"Oh, impossible!"

"Listen."

Then Hayden Storm recited a strange story. He told how, a month after the father of Chester had placed Chester at the college, a veiled lady had called upon him. It was Mrs. Burridge. She spoke of the implacable obstinacy and rigorous rules of her husband. At the first boyish outbreak of Chester he would spoil his life by chiding him. A nature like that of Chester, galled by suppression and censure, would revolt. She had begged of Mr. Storm to become his guardian, and gave him money to see that the boy did not feel like a beggar.

"My mother!" breathed Chester intensely. "How I have misjudged her—oh, where is she?"

"She will soon come to see you," pronounced the subtutor. "My dear boy, it has been a labor of love to help you. I am proud of you!"

He led the talk into other channels. He spoke of Miss Erna Winsted, whom Chester loved, and wondered how his stern exacting father would take the announcement of their engagement.

Miss Erna Winsted, dainty, petite and lovely, trembled with suspense and then thrilled with delight when the graduation exercises began the next day. She had selected a shadowed corner of the great auditorium, to be alone and shielded from observation, so she could enjoy the rapture of seeing her brave lover receive the first prize.

Near to her was seated a lady well-dressed and deeply veiled. She, too, seemed to be intensely interested in the main orator of the occasion. Erna could not fail to observe evidences of the deepest emotion.

The stranger breathed tremulously, once she seemed to sob and weep. Then some incoherent words, apparently of joy, left her lips.

And then, with a slight moan she swayed to one side, and, her head sinking directly into the lap of the astonished Erna, she lay there insensible.

Miss Winsted did not wish to create any commotion, for just then the presentation of the oratorical prize was being made. She tactfully brushed aside the veil and pressed a phial of smelling salts to the nostrils of the unconscious lady.

Slowly the latter revived. She stared wonderingly at her gentle nurse. Just then Chester Burridge, radiant with the excitement and triumph of the occasion, sought out his fair fiancee.

He was all smiles as he extended to the girl he loved the jeweled recognition of his ability. Then his eyes fell upon the face of her companion. In a vast gasp the word left his lips:

"Mother!"

She lifted two pleading hands towards him. They nestled in his loving, welcoming grasp. Erna sat spellbound at the unusual scene.

"I am weak," murmured Mrs. Burridge. "Get me to my hotel. I am sorry I disturbed you, young lady."

"Your mother?" murmured Erna softly. "Dear madam, become our care till we see you comfortable."

Hayden Storm saw them as they went away in an automobile. His lips puckered queerly. He forgot his dignity sufficiently to utter a low whistle of wonder and amazement.

"What has transpired?" he reflected. "Mother and son and fiancee—together! The direction given to the chauffeur was the hotel. Shall I act on my own initiative? Yes!"

Half an hour later he was closeted with Geoffrey Burridge in his own room. He had a story to tell, and he told it well.

It made the stubborn-headed old mule wince to learn that to the lost wife and her auxiliary, Storm, was due the making of his son.

But, perverse as he was, his heart recognized the true merits of the devotion of the wife he had misjudged.

"You—you are a good man," he said humbly. "I admit my fault. As to Mrs. Burridge—"

"Is she not worth reclaiming?" gently intimated the subtutor.

Then both went to the hotel. Storm was first to present himself to the happy trio in the room of Mrs. Burridge.

A forunate youth, truly, Chester Burridge adjudged himself in that signal hour of youth's victory. He saw the estranged reconciled, he knew that none would dispute him his bride now.

And Hayden Storm smiled, satisfied supremely. Then, noble man that he was, he went back to his lonely toil, his life sweetened by the good he had done.

NOT SUNDAY SCHOOL TEXT

Johnny's Badge, With Its Inscription, Gave Pastor Something in the Nature of a Shock.

Little Jack was inordinately proud of the big, round badge which his father had brought home from the Automobile show. It had a picture of a famous automobile on one side, and a motto in large golden letters on the other. He wore it to Sunday school.

The pastor walked down among the "scholars," smiling upon each bright-faced little boy and girl, after the time-honored fashion of pastors on such errand bent. The badge on the little boy's coat caught his eye.

"Ah, my son, what have you there?"

"That's my golden text," answered Jack eagerly, beaming like a chessy-cat.

"Your golden text? That's very nice, indeed. And what does it say?"

Little Jack held it up for inspection. The pastor's fatherly smile did not disappear, but you might say it stiffened as he read Jack's golden text:

"Ain't it Hell to be Poor!"

Turk Always a Fatalist.

Religion is the one and only topic the Turk cares to discuss. It controls his every act. Nothing affects his belief. No reasoning can prevail against his faith. The Turk, especially the uncivilized Turk, is very religious and fanatical. Fanatical, be it understood, if you ridicule his religion. He practices that scrupulously—five times a day, a pilgrimage to Mecca at least once in his life, if possible—such are the precepts of his religion which he never forgets. After all, the Turk is a fatalist and is fated to remain so. He appears quite contented with his fate. As the Koran says, "Each nation has its turn. When the appointed time comes men can neither retard it nor hasten it."

Because It Had No Hard Usage.

A couple were discussing a certain cheap store, he in defense and she the negative. "Say, look at this pocketbook. I bought it for a dime almost a year ago. Not worn a bit," he said. "Well, that's because you don't take it out of your pocket enough," she said, and the argument was closed.—Kansas City Star.

A Vexatious Woman.

"No wonder Mr. Blowster frequently loses his temper."

"Why so?"

"Mrs. Blowster aggravates him all through the winter months by saying repeatedly, 'Henry, when you shake down the furnace you needn't try to shake down the house.'"

The Cleopatra Headband

One of the fads of the hour, which is particularly strong with debutantes and other youthful devotees of fashion, is the Cleopatra headband. This is a very simple hair ornament to be called after the wonderful queen whose name is associated in our minds with all things splendid and imperial. It is made of sparkling rhinestones and binds the brow after the manner of Egyptian and other headdresses. And it is entirely successful.

Two patterns of this new hair ornament are shown in the picture. They are among the prettiest of many designs, all made in about the same way. There is some variation in the size of the rhinestones; the smaller ones, used in the more elaborate figures usually, represent more work in making the band, and are therefore more expensive. All the bands of brilliants are mounted on narrow velvet ribbon and fasten with a snap fastener or hook and thread eye, at the back.

The Cleopatra band looks well with nearly all the new coiffures, which is one good reason for its popularity. It is shown here worn with the "Bobby" coiffure. This particular style seems to have impressed itself on women more forcibly and more favorably than any other recently launched. Some persons have gone so far as to have their hair bobbed at each side, in order to adopt the new style, but hairdressers manage to achieve the right effect without resorting to so extreme a measure. If the hair is not too long it can be rolled and turned under at the sides. It is coiled at the back, rather flat to the head.

Do not imagine that the Cleopatra band is confined to the use of youthful maids. It looks unusually well with those styles of hairdressing in which the middle part in the hair is used, and lends its brilliance to many a stately coiffure that matrons affect.

Scarfs Match Hangings.

The scarfs for the furniture of your room may be made to match the hangings by cutting out single motifs of cretonne and applying them to the scarf ends. Place them on the material in an attractive way and baste. They can either be sewed with an over-and-over stitch around the edge or buttonhole in place. If, however, you wish a quicker method, machine stitch close to the edge around the entire motif.

Distinctive Style in Utility Coat

For the woman of average means, a separate coat, to be worn with frocks of varied character, is a necessity of the wardrobe. Such a coat needs to be carefully selected, since it is to do duty as a street coat, for traveling, for driving in the auto, and for such occasions as may demand a sport coat. But great numbers of separate coats were designed this spring that are suitable for all-round service, and have much style to recommend them as well.

Among them, coats of covert cloth in tan and kindred shades and those in black and white checks seem really to fit in everywhere. They are full of style and snap; just the sort of garment that the American woman needs and delights in.

A fine example of the general utility coat is pictured here. It is a black-and-white check, with collar and cuffs in leather color. These accessories are often shown in emerald green and in black with white pipings, so that there is a choice in color. The coat, as pictured, is worn over a frock of black taffeta. A combination of black and white appears in the Breton sailor hat and is repeated in the low walking shoes. No one needs to be assured of the smart appearance of such a toilette for the promenade.

But an equally pleasing picture presents itself if one imagines the coat worn for traveling. The hat might be a Panama or small outing shape, the shoes have tops of tan-colored cloth, and the dress be a plain suspender model worn with pongee shirt waist. The coat would fit in and complete a perfect outfit for the journey.

These coats are all cut on flaring lines, but they vary somewhat in length. Pockets and buttons are featured in their finishing. There is a great variety of styles in collars, and in the covert models buttons, collars and cuffs are usually all of the cloth.

In selecting a coat for general wear it is necessary to make sure that the material has been shrunk or is waterproofed.

JULIA BOTTOMLEY.

Outing Collars.

Whether the blouse is of silk, tulle or crepe, the collars are shaped like the collar on a man's outing shirt and are held together in front with a bow, linked buttons or a long bar pin.

The Coiffure.

Before we choose our hat or toque we must make sure of our hair. The latest mode seems to be to hide the ears; the forehead is seen. The outline is simple, but it is trying to any but the young and good looking. A thin face, and one on which the trials of life have set their mark, is helped a good deal by the soft curls on the forehead.

Now so many abjure any waving or curls, and trust to the hair as nature made it, but assisted by art where the tresses were not abundant enough. Many fasten the hair on the top of the head with a handsome comb. Sometimes one solitary lock falls in the center of the forehead; this suits young and small features.

Quite a Shock.

He—"What made you seem so upset the day we became engaged? You knew I was going to propose, didn't you?" She—"Oh, yes. But I had no idea I was going to accept you."—Boston Transcript.

AFRO-AMERICAN CULLINGS

"Gen. Bob" Smalls, who died recently at his home in Beaufort, S. C., was one of the richest and most noted Negroes of his time. Born in Beaufort in 1839, a slave, he spent his early boyhood on the river and was made pilot of the Confederate gunboat Planter, which was used as a dispatch boat by the post commander of Charleston. Under cover of darkness one night in 1862, when all the white officers of the boat were ashore, Smalls took her out under the Confederate guns and delivered her and her crew of eight men over to the Union authorities.

He was well rewarded for this service and made a pilot in the navy. He was serving in that capacity on the monitor Keokuk when the vessel was struck 96 times in the attack on Fort Sumter on April 7, 1863, sinking the next morning just after the crew had been taken off.

Another story of his coolness under fire is related of Smalls in connection with the Planter. He was on her deck on one occasion when she was running a gantlet of fire from the Confederate batteries, but another man was in charge of her as pilot. Suddenly this man's nerve broke completely, and he left the wheel and hid in the coal bunkers. For a few moments the Planter was without a pilot. Then Smalls realized what had happened, rushed into the wheelhouse, and brought the boat through successfully. At the close of the war a bill was introduced into congress to make him a captain on the retired list, but the bill was tabled on the ground that no civilian had been made an officer on the retired list for services rendered, and that it would create a bad precedent.

Although absolutely poor and illiterate when he first arrived in the Union lines, Smalls was both shrewd and courageous in facing big risks. His sudden wealth did not spoil him. He hoarded it until he saw a good chance for investment in buying up the rich farm lands which were going under the hammer to meet unpaid taxes. His title to these lands was challenged, but a decision of the supreme court proved his claim to them.

Smalls soon entered politics. First he was in the state legislature, and then served several terms in congress. While there he once got into trouble, and it was a white senator from South Carolina, representing some of the bluest blood of the state, who helped him out of the difficulty.

A state law in South Carolina made it a penal offense for a legislator to accept reward for voting in a certain way for any legislation. While a member of the legislature, Smalls was guilty of breaking this law in the case of one bill. His political enemies found it out and arrested him on the charge. This happened just when he was going to take his seat in congress as a representative from South Carolina. He secured bail, proceeded immediately to Washington, and then claimed exemption from the charge in the state courts on the ground that he was a member of the federal legislature. This claim was not allowed, however, and had it not been for the help of the South Carolina senator, who, by the way, held the conventional southern views as to the status of Negroes, Smalls' political career might have come to a sudden close. Although he never mentioned the incident in any of his autobiographical writings, it is said that he never denied its truth.

He finally failed to be re-elected when the Democrats regained control of this constituency in South Carolina.

President McKinley appointed Smalls Collector of the Port of Beaufort, and this post he held under succeeding administrations until President Wilson displaced him in 1913. He was always a staunch Republican and was delegate to several national conventions. "General Bob" acquired his title from his connection with his state militia. In 1873 he was appointed lieutenant-colonel in the Third regiment and had risen to the rank of major-general of the Second division when he was legislated out of the position in 1877.

At New Orleans a short time ago the most notable gathering of Negroes in this country was held—the Bishops' Council of the African Methodist Episcopal church. These bishops came from Philadelphia, Baltimore, Chicago, Wilberforce, Ohio, Atlanta, Little Rock, Detroit, Columbia, S. C., and Nashville, and represent more than six thousand churches scattered over the country and in foreign lands.

Perhaps no organization of Negroes has a more interesting history than the African Methodist Episcopal church. February 14, the one hundred and fifty-fifth anniversary of the birth of its founder, Richard Allen, who was born a slave in Philadelphia, Pa., February 14, 1760, when slavery flourished in the North as well as the South. He was, however, an extraordinary man, even as a slave. He caused the conversion of his own master, who proposed to let him buy his freedom. He saved by working at odd times, and about 1780, purchased his freedom and that of his brother for $2,000.

He then went out as a preacher. In 1784 he was present as a spectator at the first Methodist general conference at Baltimore, Md. In 1786 he located in Philadelphia after preaching in New Jersey, Delaware and Maryland. About this time the number of Negroes, or as they were called then "Africans," belonging to St. George's Methodist church was very great—indeed, so great that the trustees thought it best to confine them to a certain portion of the church. Many of them, however, preferred to have their own church, so that in 1787 they withdrew from St. George's church and started an "African" Methodist church. In 1794, they purchased an old blacksmith shop and moved it upon a lot which they had purchased, and began worship there, "under their own vine and fig tree," in what they chose to call Bethel African Methodist church. This property cost less than $1,000. It is still owned by the church and is worth today more than $100,000, and is the oldest piece of property owned by a large Negro organization.

Allen was a great leader and soon had a flourishing church. Meanwhile in New York, New Jersey and Maryland, other independent Negro churches were established. He conceived the idea of getting these together into one compact general organization. After visiting them he extended an invitation to meet in Philadelphia in April, 1816, to form a Christian denominational body under the name of the "African Methodist Episcopal church." This was done, and Richard Allen was elected and ordained the first bishop of this church, and the first Negro bishop in America.

Our work in the South is absorbing and interesting because of what has been done and because of what remains to be done. In New York state, for example, each child in the public school has spent on his education about $26. In Alabama each Negro child has spent on his education from the public school fund $1.49. In New Jersey each child has spent upon it from the public school fund $31. Each Negro child in Georgia has spent upon him for his education from the public school fund $1.12. In Illinois each child in the public schools has spent upon him from the public school fund $23. In South Carolina each Negro child has spent upon him for his education from the public school fund $1.09.

In a state like New York from seven to nine years are required to complete a public school course of nine months in the year. Under present conditions, it will require 14 years for a Negro child to complete a public school course of nine months in the year in Virginia. In Florida 20 years would be required; in Alabama 24 years would be required; in Louisiana 26 years would be required, and in South Carolina 31 years would be required. These figures give an insight into the work that yet remains.

In Mississippi, for example, only 50 per cent of the Negro children are enrolled in the public schools; in Georgia, Alabama and South Carolina only a little over 40 per cent of the Negro children are enrolled. In many of the counties of the South from ten to fifteen times more money is spent on the education of the white child in the public schools than is spent on the education of the Negro child. These conditions must be changed in the interest of the Negro and in the interest of the white man, who cannot enjoy the highest degree of culture until a sense of justice controls him in the distribution of the public school funds.—Booker Washington.

Oil lamps lighted the London streets in 1861 and onward, while gas came into use just over 100 years ago.

Stationary steam, oil and gas engine plants of the United States are producing about 20,000,000 horsepower.

For traffic on Lake Akanogan, British Columbia, the Canadian Pacific railway has launched a steamer 200 feet long and 40 feet wide, steam heated and electrically lighted, and with a passenger capacity of 400.

When a politician is in the hands of his friends he isn't always particular where his friends' hands are.

The man who marries a woman with an independent fortune also gets an independent wife.

The most leisurely parade is that given by the man who has caught a good-sized string of fish. Next to that the most leisurely parade is the one given by the fellow who made a home run with the bases full.

Although most of the cities in Japan have good sidewalks, modern street paving is practically unknown in the empire.

A loafer's favorite ocupation is watching other men at work.

Who Invented Khaki?

The answer to the question, "Who invented khaki?" is not easy, although we all know that the adoption of khaki by our army dates back to the South African war. It will surprise most people, says the Liverpool Mercury, to be told that nearly fifty years ago a Liverpool celebrity advocated something akin to khaki as the most serviceable color for the uniform of our troops. W. G. Herdman, the artist, and author of "Ancient Liverpool," writing in 1869, condemned the red uniforms of the British and the white uniforms of the Austrian armies as the worst possible colors, having regard to their visibility at long distances. He added, "If armies went into action clothed in a gray-green all over, head or cap and all, they could not be distinguished till close to."

Also Some Leveler.

Love is not the only thing that can level ranks. For instance, there is leaving a duke out of father-in-law's will.—New York World.

INTERNATIONAL SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

(By E. O. SELLERS, Acting Director of Sunday School Course, The Moody Bible Institute, Chicago, Ill.)

LESSON FOR MAY 2

SAUL TRIES TO KILL DAVID.

LESSON TEXT—I Samuel 19:1-12.
GOLDEN TEXT—Whoso putteth his trust in the Lord shall be safe.—Prov. 29:25.

Although anointed by Samuel, victorious in arms and promoted at court, David was many years in reaching his throne. At first both court and army did him honor (ch. 18:2), yet he conducted himself with great modesty (18:18, 23). He also obeyed the king explicitly though he knew fully that he was the God-appointed successor of Saul. Escapes as wonderful and as providential as David's occur in the lives of most of us if we could but know them.

I. David and Jonathan, vv. 1-3. The story of the love of David and Jonathan is a classic. With such close family relations and a son-in-law so successful at arms it is strange that Saul's anger should vent itself upon David. At first Saul was much attached to David but the admiration of the people for David aroused his jealousy, (ch. 18:6) and jealousy is peculiarly a soldier's disease. The slave of jealousy never has peace. As sin and disobedience developed in his life Saul became subject to fits of insane rage during one of which, as David played upon his harp and endeavored to quiet the monarch's spirit, he hurled a javelin, which served as his scepter, at the harpist (ch. 19:10). Saul felt that David was divinely protected and he knew that God had departed from his own life (15:23; 16:14). Saul did not keep his grief and rage to himself for Jonathan and the nation alike knew all about it. Jonathan gladly accepted God's decree, willingly gave up his rights in the kingdom yet he was loyal to his father. It is a tender and touching story of Jonathan's love for his friend David, and at the same time his loyalty to his father Saul. He "delighted much in David" (v. 2), gave full, explicit warning to David, and also sought to intercede with Saul.

II. Saul and Jonathan, vv. 4-7. It took courage and self-sacrifice on Jonathan's part to speak on behalf of David. Prudence and principle are combined in Jonathan's plea. Those who envy include in their hate and anger all who speak kindly in behalf of their enemy. But Jonathan's argument (vv. 4, 5) is unanswerable. David had not sinned against Saul; it was Jehovah who "wrought a great salvation for all Israel" on the day David took his life in his hand and overcame Goliath. Jonathan pleads for God as well as for his friend. He called to Saul's memory his former joy at seeing Jehovah's victory through David and for the time being Saul was persuaded (v. 6) and made another of those impetuous promises which proved so fleeting. Ushered by Jonathan (Matt. 5:9) David returned to Saul's presence, entered once more upon the discharge of his duties and desisted only when he saw that his presence only aggravated the king and that he was uselessly exposing his life in Saul's presence. David was faithful to God and to God's anointed king.

III. Michal and David, vv. 8-12. Saul's hatred was too deep to be permanently overcome. David went out and won a great victory over the Philistines and as he followed his courtly duty, Saul burst out with a fresh attack (vv. 8, 9). David had married Michal when about twenty-one years of age and Saul's attacks occurred during the next three years. The evil spirit mentioned was a demon (18:10; Acts 16:16-18; Mark 1:23-26), a messenger of Satan permitted by God for Saul's discipline (II Cor. 12:7). God permits evil to come upon men not to tempt them—solicit them to do wrong—but to bring them to repentance or to refine them as pure gold. Thus evil may be said to do God's work (ch. 4:1) "to be sent from Jehovah."

On the other hand if men will not have the good spirit, the spirit of truth, then God gives them over to error and evil spirits (II Thess. 2:10-12). Doubtless David was on his guard for when his insanity caused Saul again to attack him he fled (v. 10). Messengers were at once dispatched to his house (v. 11) and Michal lowered David from a window at some unguarded point, and as the spies escaped from Jericho, and Paul from Damascus, so he escaped from his dangerous position. There are suggestions in the Psalms which would indicate his grief over these experiences.

Michal's stratagem (vv. 13-17) was "one not necessarily sanctioned by God, though he bore with it for it occurred at that 'time of ignorance' which 'God overlooked.'"—Edersheim.

IV. Summary. All who envy are murderers at heart (Matt. 27:18; I John 3:12, 15). The present day murderers hurl their javelins of slander, lying and vituperation against the reputation of the men whom they hate. Or else they hurl unfair and unjust business methods at others that they may perpetuate their power or else build themselves up upon the ruins of those whom they envy. Saul missed David but he was no less a murderer. Satan always overshoots the mark when he assails one of God's anointed, chosen ones. Saul could not harm David though he wished to ever so much (Ps. 37:32, 33; Isa. 54:17; Luke 4:30; 10:39). Saul's hatred stopped not even at the threshold of David's house but invaded the sacred precincts of his home. Envy is blind, it assails all that a man has, spares none with whom he is connected and colors every act and relation of life even to the relations of father and child. Saul was frustrated by his own children, Jonathan and Michal. David's danger was imminent, hence his speedy escape.